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SEPTEMBER 12 2005



THE DROWNING OF NEW ORLEANS

Bestselling author Joseph Boyden
on the tragedy of his adopted city

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UPFRONT

THE WEEK

HUNGER STRIKE Canadian-born Omar Khadr has been on a hunger strike since July at the Guantanamo Bay detention centre in Cuba, his lawyers said. Captured three years ago following an Afghan firefight, Khadr is protesting that there are no charges against him and that his US captors are **violating his religion**. Some reports said as many as 200 prisoners are refusing to eat.

STAMPED Perished by hundreds of a suicide bomber in their midst, just under 1,000 Shia pilgrims were either **strangled to death** on a Baghdad bridge or **drowned** in the Tigris River below. Others were **killed** earlier when suspected Sunni militants **targeted** markets as the shrine the pilgrims were walking toward. It was one of the single biggest tragedies in a country beset by them, and Iraq authorities worried it would set off widespread retaliation by the newly ascendant Shia against a minority Sunni.

COAL MINES Despite its huge energy needs, China shut down nearly 7,000 mostly private coal mines, nearly a third of its total, in a bid to improve safety standards in the accident-plagued industry. More than 5,000 coal

DEMAND A UN fact-finding team, headed by a German investigator, interrogated four

BY SENSE CHAMBLAIN

Lebanese generals, three of them former security chiefs, on suspicion of involvement in the former prime minister Rafik Hariri's February 2005 killing. The four have been governors in Florida in what is seen as the first official confession that pro-Syrian members of the old regime were behind the car bombing that provoked an international outcry.



NEBANYAHU Decrying the Gaza pullout as a sign of weakness, far-right wing prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu is challenging long-time rival Ariel Sharon for the leadership of the go-tools show Israelis over soccer, but among Likud

FIREY SLAMS It was the second major blaze in four days—and the third in five months—in rundown buildings housing African immigrants. Seven people, including four children, perished in the latest fire, which struck an apartment house. Forty-eight died in the three incidents, and police are not ruling out arson in at least one of them.

GUNS Worldwide arms sales reached US\$37 billion in 2004, the highest level in four years, according to a study for the U.S. Congress. At US\$12.4 billion, the U.S. was

the biggest seller, followed by Russia, India, Saudi Arabia and China were the biggest buyers. India edged out China as the developing world's biggest weapons acquirer over the past eight years.

ADULTERY A.B.C. judges have changed Canada's laws by granting a divorce to a 44-year-old woman whose husband of 17 years had an affair with another man. The decision of adultery was not included in divorce legislation but judges traditionally viewed it as a true breach because of the intimate relationship between the couple.

SOFTWARE SETBACK Win one, lose one: Canada's NAFTA victory in the long-running dispute was offset by a World Trade Organization decision that said the U.S. complied with international law when it imposed what amounted to billions of dollars of duty on Canadian lumber imports.

JACKPOT For the first time in the 30-year history of the B.C. Lottery Corp., a court will decide who is entitled to the \$14.5 million in winnings from the Aug. 13 Lotto 6/49 draw. Nine co-workers from an Ad/W in Mission, B.C., hold the winning ticket. Four others say they should be included because they normally contribute to the amount paid

INPUT Whom to be a judge? Ottawa is asking for public suggestions to fill the Supreme Court of Canada vacancy when justice John Major retires on Christmas Day. The deadline for submissions is Sept. 20. The Prime Minister will make the final decision.

CHOM The Federal Court of Appeal upheld the regulatory decision to close the Quebec City shock rock radio station CHOM-FM, rejecting the notion that the station's often abusive tone was a matter of free speech. Owen Gence Communications is hoping to appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada.

BORDER GUARDS Told that an "armed and dangerous" fugitive from Kentucky was heading their way, Canadian border guards at Niagara Falls, Port Erie and Queenston, Ont., walked off their jobs, leaving a hunk of managers and summer students to deal with long lines of waiting travellers. Police had already walked out the crossings but customs agents left their posts because they were their own guys for such situations.



Mansbridge on the Record



OTTAWA'S GLASS CEILING

Where are the women who could make a credible run for 24 Sussex Drive?

THE U.S. TELEVISION networks are heavily promoting their new fall series, always a time to place your bets on which ones will last more than a few episodes. It's a tough business—second chances are rare, and if they don't achieve immediate popularity, the book can appear very quickly.

Of the pretens I've seen, one is clearly trying to climb on to the success of the American political drama *The West Wing*. "Who would have thought politics could attract viewers?" *The West Wing* did, and when an idea proves to be a hit, expect the copycats to arrive. The new entry is called *Commander in Chief* and the premise is simple: the president dies in office and the vice-president takes over. The hook? The No. 2 who is about to be No. 1 is a woman.

The show may be some women's fantasy, but what's playing out in the real Washington these days suggests Hollywood may not be that far off. As the U.S. political cycle starts to gear up for the 2008 race, it seems there are more female contenders considered as legitimate possibilities than ever before. Washington's ongoing this month (which is felt here with the right stuff, and, as a result, suggests a first—the possibility that both Democrats and Republicans could have women on their tickets) they merge from the well-known Hillary Rodham Clinton and Condoleezza Rice to the much less well-known of Kathleen Sebelius and Blanche Lincoln. (Oh, I hear you asking, "Who?" Sebelius is the Democratic governor of Kansas, a state long held by Republicans, and Lincoln is a young senator from Arkansas, and both

“

Some U.S. pundits are suggesting that both Democrats and Republicans could have women on their 2008 tickets

already have fellow Democrats talking I all this leaves the Washingtonian wondering whether "the nation's ultimate glass ceiling" will shatter in 2008."

Which brings us to Canada and the list of female contenders for the top political office here. Quick, how many on your radar? Even the recent survey of possible future leaders of the two main parties didn't include one woman. The most famous in Canadian politics is probably Brenda Starnach, but lately for all the wrong reasons. Switching parties doesn't usually help—it's seen as a leprosy cure, and despite all the self-righting antics, your new critics don't really trust you. Anne McLellan is the deputy prime minister (member of previous cabinets, only Jean Chrétien, who had that title for five minutes during the John Turner administration, ever achieved the top position), but few ever mention her in press releases. When a Liberal is in power, though, who could be the future Carolyn Taylor, the new C-3 finance minister?

On the Conservative side, the nearest some is equally weak. Diane Ablonczy, a credible MP who has had a distinguished parliamentary record over the past dozen years, has competed for leadership before, but the results were, well, embarrassing. The boy MP attracting the most interest in the last session was, like Ablonczy, an Alberta. Ross Ambrose—canoe, lips, and very quotable. Perhaps too inexperienced for any sudden leadership run, but remember the name.

The bottom line is that if Canada has women positioned to make a run for 24 Sussex soon, they're well-hidden, embarrassingly so when you remember the push for power to the south. It seems the glass ceiling is very much intact here, and far from shattering. In other words, still a fantasy dream. **BT**

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent at CBC Television News and Anchor of *The National*. To comment: letters@national.ca

Passages

APPOINTED Francis Fox, 65, a long-serving former cabinet minister in the Trudeau years and, for a time, provincial secretary to Paul Martin right after he became Prime Minister, was named to the Senate, one of the more obvious partisan selections among a recent spate. Appointed at the same time: Ron Galloway, 71, a well-known Montreal bankruptcy lawyer.

DIED For warden of the parliamentary channel, he was the calm and deliberative man who carried the ceremonial mace. For those who worked in the legislature, he was simply a comforting presence. Canada's longest-serving sergeant-at-arms, a job he took on after a distinguished military career, Maj.-Gen. Maurice Gaudin (Gus) Chawler died of cancer in Ottawa. He was 70.

HONOURED If there was ever any doubt this country is held together by dog tape, one of the new inductees to the Order in Canada should put that to rest. Prominent among the 12 appointees named announced by Gov. Gen. Adrienne Clarkson: Hamilton comedian Steve Smith, 59 (above), better known as Red Green to the denizens of *Pottery Lodge*. The star-headed list also included journalists Trina MacQueen, the late Peter Jennings, Ray MacGregor and Hugh Downs, as well as Olympic speed skater Caroleene Le May Downs and jazz singer Diana Krall.

DIED He had only a demagogue and sharp mind, just the combination for all the really tough cases. Among them: the death of 36 babies under suspicious circumstances at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children in the early '80s. Ontario Supreme Court judge Samuel Grange was brought in to head the royal commission inquiry in 1985 after the police investigation went awry. Grange died on Aug. 26 in Toronto, at 83.



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- Clifford Hall** Washington State University
- David Wilkins** University of Toronto
- John Denner** Princeton University



A man in a light blue shirt and dark pants is running through knee-deep floodwaters. He is carrying a black bag in his left hand. In the background, a white pickup truck is partially submerged in the water, and a large building is visible in the distance. The scene is chaotic and captures the aftermath of a disaster.

City residents around
were told to make his
way to the Superdome
on Monday, Aug. 28,
after the roof of his
house was blown off

THE DROWNING OF NEW ORLEANS

Bestselling author **JOSEPH BOYDEN** on the tragedy of his adopted city



**MONDAY
AUG. 29**

Clockwise from top left: Hurricane Katrina's M-1 winds blow down a levee; shelves are blown away; flooding begins; a family stranded in the city's tunnels; residents wade through waist-deep water



**SUCH A NIGHT — DR. JOHY
MONDAY, AUG. 29**

I'm in an airplane high over the Atlantic as hurricane Katrina heads for, then smashes into, the Gulf Coast. Nothing I can do up here. Unless. Last Thursday before climbing onto the plane in Houston was that Katrina was screaming right for New Orleans as a category 5, the strongest storm there is. Sick with worry, I found out that my wife, Amanda, evacuated to Houston two days ago. She's safe, at least. But what about my friends? My

students? My home? Nothing I can do. And so I sit and wait and try to imagine what's going on in my city so far away.

I've ridden out hurricanes before. The first week I moved to New Orleans back in 1992 as a young graduate student, hurricane Andrew came screaming right for us.

My welcome to this crazy place tourists call the Big Easy. Last minute, the hurricane turned away and hit west of the city instead. I wandered the city streets later that night and made a note of the fallen trees, the water-soaked streets, the broken windows. No big deal. A series of clashes, that I was brave and silly enough to try put rather than run, washed over me. And that reminded the pattern in the following years, always hurricane heading for the city, always the chance that this was the Big One, always the storm turning away at the last moment and hitting somewhere else, usually Florida or Alabama. Amanda and I stayed back, braced down the barbershop, and got invited to a barbershop party. Something exhilarating in staring into the face of mother nature's wrath and living to tell something additive in the gamble.

Until last year. Hurricane Ivan beat up northern power over the warm waters of the Gulf, and Major Ray Nagin got on TV

and said this is it, the one we've been dreading. Get out while you can. For the first time, Amanda and I heeded the advice. Something felt awfully wrong about this one. We packed our animals and a few important documents and sat through 12 hours of mind-numbing crawl, making it

120 miles into Cajon country and the comfort of a friend's home on the bayou.

Once again, the hurricane turned away from New Orleans at the last minute, devastating the Florida Panhandle instead. We all emptied back into the city, only to find out no more than an inch or two of rain had fallen. New Orleans is lucky. Yeah, we're below sea level, living in what amounts to a big bowl, but we are too special a place, too blessed with wonderful grit and audacity in bourbon for anything to happen to us. As I sit on that airplane high over the Atlantic, I continue myself, despite the gigantic grey ghost swirling over the



JOSEPH BOYDEN

The 31-year-old author of the steel-and-naval novel *Three Day Road*, released in April, has lived in New Orleans for 18 years. Shown here at Audubon park, he teaches creative writing and literature at the University of New Orleans. Born in Toronto, he's of Irish, Scottish and Métis descent.

gulf on CNN and Fox, too, before flying for southeast Louisiana, that this is just another day. Off the plane and in Toronto I am desperate for information. Not. Yet again, the hurricane's eye veered at the last minute, took a turn to the east, the worst of it missing my city. Oh, but the destruction I see in Mississippi is bad. I say a prayer for those people,

thank the Crosses for sparing us once more. I sleep easier tonight than I have in the past few days, a little giddy in my clean bed.

NEW ORLEANS IS SINKING

— TRAGICALLY HIP
TUESDAY, AUG. 30

I write up a little list, make coffee at my brother and sister-in-law's comfortable house in Toronto. The plan for today is to check in with Amanda in Houston, then head to northern Ontario for a canoe trip with my son, Jacob, to get back in touch with the beautiful bush that I've been away from for the past few months while teaching and book-touring in Europe. I have a ticket to fly back to New Orleans next week, where we will celebrate Amanda's birthday. CNN reports the devastation in Gulfport, in Biloxi, off along the Mississippi coast. Like another bomb went off. Horrifying images. Cars, plane destruction. The few images of New Orleans this morning show a city that took quite a punch. More destruction than I thought. Cars crushed by a fallen brick building. Gorgeous old houses shattered. The skin of the Sagamore ripped away, but the masonry pretty much intact. No reports of lost life, though. I see video of a drunken rioter on Bourbon Street with a massive go-cup of beer in hand walking the wind-swept French Quarter. Already life is returning to this crazy, beautiful, dangerous city.

And then Amanda calls me. A levee has been breached on the industrial Canal. Water is flooding into our bowl. Don't worry, I tell her. The Army Corps of Engineers is ready for exactly this kind of problem. But then another levee is breached, this one on Lake Pontchartrain. If it's such a problem, I tell Amanda, surely the news guys will report it. The real story is to our east in Mississippi. Almost nothing is being reported about the Crescent City. We're okay. The hurricane has passed.

By noon, though, the cameras begin to focus on New Orleans. Is that water I see cranking up our streets? Oh my god, that's Lakeview right near the University of New Orleans, where I teach, water up to roof gutters. Schools will be out for a week or two at least. What of my friends Ned and Eric, who just bought a house in this neighborhood? The trade thing is their pride and joy. And my professor friend Kris Lackey? He lives in there, now, in a beautiful house full of rare books and art. They had the secret



**TUESDAY
AUG. 30**

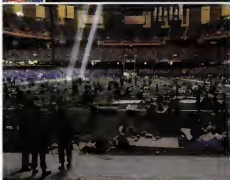


Clockwise from top left: aerial view of a levee breach; thousands of refugees from the impoverished Ninth Ward await transportation away from the devastation, waiting for rescue; looting begins on Canal Street and police attempt to maintain order





**WEDNESDAY
AUG. 31**



Clockwise from top left: members of the National Guard on duty as people take shelter at the Superdome; residents left to evacuate; one of the many scenes of rooftop desperation across the city



to leave, didn't they? They must have.

Town's ravine opened from the television images of the city quickly filling with water as the afternoon advanced, across of Coast Guard choppers pelting people from rooftops in the Ninth Ward, one of the poorest, and therefore lowest, parts of the city. Slowly, as the afternoon unfolded, it's becoming clear that the Army Corps of Engineers can't do much. The bowl is filling, low areas first, crowding Upson as where houses and trees. It's not really happening. It can't be.

But oh, the Ninth Ward. A big part of the dangerous soul of this city. Hardcore houses on the tough side of the French Quarter. A place between with musicians and artists and blue-collar workers. So many friends live here. They've lost everything. But they got out with their lives. Didn't they?

It was here, when Betty first dropped ago, that stories began circulating of people drowning in their attics, pressed up against their roof beams, trapped. That's where the folk wisdom—no always have an exit in the house when a hurricane heads your way—comes from. If your attic fills with water, you've got to drop your way out.

Now I'm watching people on their roofs in the hot sun. Ninety-three degrees in the glare. Cranking humidity. No water. No food. Making makeshift signs. Help. Please. Help. Please. Help. Please. Almost all of them are African-American. Black people. Fifty-seven percent of my city is black. Thirty percent of my city lives below the poverty level. I won't bother to do the math, but suffice to say that those ones on the roofs didn't have the means to get out. No one. No money. Just ride it out. We've done a before a hundred times. Surely more helicopters will come. But no, they're all in Iraq. Don't solve in that water, kid. It is a fed chronic saw of backed-up sewers and dead rats. Why are the kids making? Some were happily to the cameras in the helicopters. The parents aren't smiling, though. The reality, the horror that this is the Big One, crawling slowly in the back door once we let our guard down, submerging to make my streets such feel sick.

First reports of bodies floating in the water. And what of my friends? So many of them with the same attitude in me. Ride it out. We'll make it. The University of New Orleans is a state school. Many of my students look just like the faces I see on TV. Many of them don't have the means to escape. What of

them? Commencement lines to the city are down. I can only watch the glow of the television face into the night, the same long images, the voice-over continuing again and again that the levees can't be fixed, that my city is filling with the waters that surround it. In 72 hours the city will be covered if something can't be reversed, an American Adversity, a blurring wound exposed in a selected water.

Moments of looting and violence. Our neighborhood isn't so bad compared to many, but only a month ago the poor Vietnamese woman who runs the corner store right across the street from me was shot to death by a robber. She was a nice woman. Violence has always bubbled just below the thin skin of this place. I'm surprised the National Guard isn't patrolling in yet. But there are people to be rescued. Hundreds. Thousands. I hope someone tells the government that New Orleans is not your average city. An official announces only in the evening that there was no yet to call in the National Guard. That's a late option. Who ever he has no idea about this city. Violence follows tragedy quickly here, and vice versa.

The situation can't be in bad in the TV says it is, can it? These are just isolated pockets. Mid City, Lakeview, Canal Street, the Ninth Ward. No, not isolated pockets. These are huge parts of the city I'm hearing about. I know from experience, too, that a camera rarely catches the great reality very well. I'm useless here. They'll stop the flooding. Those left will be courageously in the face of desperation. It's not too late.

LIGHTS OUT — LIL WAYNE WEDNESDAY, AUG. 31

Cash Money Records is a homegrown New Orleans rap label that is a source of pride for so many young New Orleanians. Rap stars like Lil Wayne, B.I.G. and the Big Tymers put rhymes about life in the streets of this city, about growing up in projects like Thurgood and St. Thomas, about loving the American Dream of rags to riches their own way. Their music is filled with images of violence and of aspiration and of desperation that capture the underbelly of a place so few French Quarter tourists ever see. But it's a big part of this city a reality can't escape, no matter how tall the fence or burned the window. Get rich, or die trying—the Cash Money subculture represents one level of this city. And the rapper on the label are



WEDNESDAY
AUG. 31

Standing guard on the poor
and the intense look for sanctuary

fabulously rich. A new pair of sneakers every day rich. But the young men and women I see everywhere are first poor. The poverty here antedated me when I first arrived years ago. Projects that look like they should have been condemned filled past capacity. One man killing another as casually as if he were shading his face. But I get away from myself. The sheer number of nappies here are the least in a long line, in a rich medical heritage that is this city.

Buddy Bolden is the Daddy of Jazz. Everyone knows who Louis Armstrong is. Dr. John and Professor Longhair and the Wild Tchoupitoulas and Dirty Doers Brass Band and Kermit Ruffins and better than them only scratch the surface of the art that sprang out of this city. The music of life. The best to "second line" — dancing, shuffling, field parties led by brass bands that snake through the streets of Uptown, people drinking and laughing and sweating and drinking. Shouting the love. We all dance together, black and white, on the same streets I see this morning subsiding in brown water. People I see

at second kings are now starting up at both copper corners. They look like dead fireflies of students and friends.

The swastika turns the straight turn into today. The beaches have only grown. Reports that thousands of gallons of water are several are flooding the city. Looking in the arena. Gangs breaking into gun shops and selling openly, bravely, with weapons in full view. The police have no control. They certainly have control during Mardi Gras, when the city pulls in many tourists (normal number with revolvers). The only revolvers going on in the arena right now, though, is by the hat, bad law. The city is slipping into chaos.

Atlanta and I were married in an outdoor ceremony in Audubon park the summer we graduated from our mother's program. October 1995. A gorgeous sunset afternoon, under giant oak trees the looms of the Tree of Life. The Tree of Life is massive. One hundred people can not comfortably on its limbs. A Jesus priest and an Ojibwa healer helped to marry us. Yes, our wedding ceremony was a bit of an anomaly, part like our

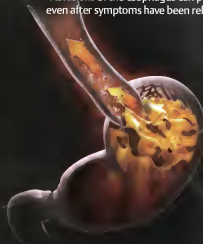
city. A cello player as we walked down the gray aisle, a brass band and a blues band playing the reception. At one with the sounds, five days before the wedding, a hurricane was heading right for us, adding considerably to our pre-wedding stress. This one had a pretty name: Hurricane Opal. Fairly was on the way from Canada, then off over America, straight into the port of a potential disaster. But we didn't, just meant a record way, knocking out Pensacola, delivering us sunshine and cool breezes. New Orleans was blessed. We were contented.

Audubon park is a great space in great as any city I've seen has to offer. A two-mile track for runners, rollerbladers and joggers, most often shaded by live oak trees. Statues and fountains, an amazing rose, a place the looms all the fly where groups congregate on sunny weekend afternoons to barbecue, play football and watch the Mississippi roll on by. I've noticed over the years how the park appears to be flooding during thunderstorms. I don't want to think about what this place so special to me looks like now, if the Tree of

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Life, which has stood for more than 200 years in that sacred spot, still stands. Maybe I will use this as a symbolic thing to hold onto. Amanda and I have been talking on the phone, trying to figure out what we should do now that it's becoming obvious we don't have a day anymore. At least not for the next months. If I find that the time of life will stand, I will rebuild in our city if not.

The streets are filled with brown, salty water. People everywhere, almost all of them black, convinced to be stranded on rooftops or in a Superdome squealed enough that few cameras are allowed in. I can only imagine No. 1 can't really tolerate overflowed. No electricity, which means no air conditioning. Not enough water or food. People not being allowed out. Gangsters running the show. Unless you've spent a summer in such a city, you can't fully comprehend the crushing wet heat. Like living in the mouth of an overheated dog, someone once told me. It's not the heat, it's the stupidity is a popular phrase when the queues of the outdoors, bad driving and selfishness New Orleans seems to breed like mosquitoes comes up.

Proud to call it home has become one of the most popular bumper stickers in this city. Some comic genius counterintuitive with his own line of bumper stickers. Proud to crowd it home. This captures a big part of this city's attitude. Laugh at yourself with a drink in one hand. Flip a bird with your other at all the poor suckers who aren't fortunate enough to live in such a place.

Such a place. The architecture is like none other I've seen. Shotgun houses, Georgian mansions and brick warehouses turned into loft spaces. Creole mortgages and 18th-century coconuts. The French Quarter on a jerry spring day truly is all you've heard it is with its wrought-iron fences, antique shops and night clubs.

Talboys tell people who plan on coming down that they have to get out of the French Quarter and experience the "real city." The Marigny, the Garden District, the Warehouse District. Uptown. Get away from the adult Disneyland of Bourbon Street for the places where the rest of us live. Where the rest of us lived. That's not sinking in fully. I can't let it just yet. The levee in my head holds out the worst of it, but the levee feels like it's going to be breached soon.

My levee breaks late in the day when Mayor Ray Nagin, a decent, hardworking man who is not prone to panic, announces



THURSDAY SEPT. 1

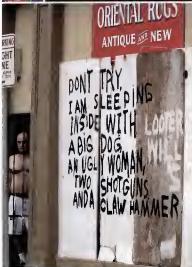


Clockwise from top left: a military helicopter makes a food and water drop near the convention center; thousands gather at an evacuation staging area, along Interstate 10; a woman cares for her dog as the body of a victim floats away





THURSDAY
SEPT. 1



that he believes hundreds, if not thousands, are dead in New Orleans. Hundreds, if not thousands, in a small city like mine, with just 500,000 people, that's inconceivable. That means some of my sisters are dead, friends are dead, parents and grandparents and grandchildren of friends are dead. I don't want to believe him. But Naga isn't prone to hype. He's trained to even cry. I call Ananda. She's already heard

I spend the rest of this night trying to remember all the places I love in the city as the networks spin the same rules. Trentino's

where I've seen so much amazing music. CC's, the coffeehouse where I wrote most of my novel. Taqueria Centosa, where I've shared so many meals. The Milan Lounge, where I first wooed my wife. The Riverside Aquarium of the Americas. Decatur Street in the Quarter. Caffè Brasil. Peulker House and its rare first edition books. The Parkway, where my children and I meet every Monday night.

My students: A friend emailed and told me he saw footage of my university by the levee along Lake Fortcharmer. Two of three stories of all of the campus buildings under

water. That's 20 feet of water, at least. What of my career there? Can't worry about that now. People are dying in my city. People are dead.

THE UNDERTAKER MAN

— KEEPER RUFFINS
THURSDAY, SEPT. 1

When I think of the New Orleans tragedy I think of Kermit Ruffolo, I think of good music. I think of jazz. Kermit Ruffolo has his city's contemporary Lean Armstrong, the new rising ambassador of goodwill for the city that can forget. One sweetening early May night last year, Arsenal and I were driving home from a day at the big grounds, where jazz fest unfolds every spring. Many thousands come here for the music at this time each year, for the food, for a small bit of America's most original city. Our day had been one of the best jazz fest days we'd experienced. And we'd experienced many.

How the owner of a Oriental rug business tried to defend his turf

on top drag the other out of our way. We stopped to see if things were cool. By this time, the two men were basic red, blue and grey. The one on the ground was slumped, pained. His white T-shirt was covered in red. The one standing shook him, no older than 17 looked at me, then began to raise the handgun. I didn't see all that movement toward me. My eyes held his for what felt like 10 minutes, but was only seconds. His speech looked awkward or glibly, just calm. In control. Increased to Arizona that he had a gun, to drive drive drive! And I shouted to his lowered the gun, and aimed it at the head of the slumped man below him, and pulled the trigger. The second was more a pop than a trigger. The young kid ran east.

I pumped from the car and held the dying man's head in my lap, stroked his forehead as he moaned like a sick child, whispered to him that it will be okay, it's okay, just breathe, breathe. He died a few minutes later. I stared at the neat hole punched in his chest, at the chest wound he'd received just before Amanda and I arrived, at the blood pouring down below him into the gutter. His eyes were open, but glazed over. I'd watched

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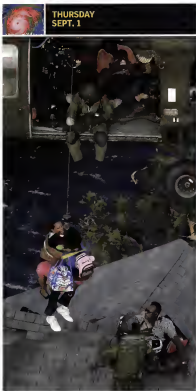
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**THURSDAY
SEPT. 1**

the life drain from them. The police, after they'd arrived and taped off the area, then drove Amanda and me separately to the station for questioning and kept us apart for three hours, apologized to us. It had been a busy night for them. This was just one of three murders tonight. But we were the only ones who stuck around to talk.

The next morning, after a night of crying and shock, we decided, with our reservation, that we were not going to leave our home. We were here because this city is magical in its ability to foster creativity, because we'd decided long ago it was our home, because we had students, the majority of them black and walking that razor's edge of poverty, who were good, who were great, who were not the stereotypes that outsiders expect.

And now, today unfolds in a sickening continuation of news reports. This morning when I awake, dirty water still bleeds into the city, and streets are crisscrossed of looters gone mad, of

Three days after the storm hit, rescue workers finally reach these survivors.

armed gangs of thugs in running the lights with each other and the police. Worst of all,

Charity Hospital, that last chance refuge for the vast number of residents who have no medical insurance and no choice, the hospital that once army doctors how to deal with gunshot victims called from our streets, our only source of mercy, came under siege. As doctors and nurses tried to evacuate the sickest of the sick to a safer place.

City descending into madness. All social order gone. Police attacked by mobs. Thousands feared dead. Thugs firing randomly into crowds of the old and sick and wounded. I recognize streets I drive and walk and bicycle every day under disease-infested smog. I recognize streets I recognize trying to make it somewhere, getting nowhere. The image of an old dead woman in a wheelchair, covered by a blanket and walking staff by the side of the convention centre, plays over and over. I live a walk away from the convention centre. The image of the blanket-covered woman comes on again, and then cuts away to President George W. Bush declaring that he will make sure gas prices across the country stabilize. Something's fundamentally wrong in my city. Something's fundamentally wrong in America. I check email today for the first time in



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FRIDAY
SEPT. 2

After an early morning explosion, a fire burns on the east side of New Orleans. Firefighters planned to let it burn out by itself.



days. I'm surprised by the number of new ones. I'm kinda wondering if I'm on a long list in New Orleans, or if America is safe. You, I'm okay. Thanks for your kind concern. I am safe in Orleans, and Amanda in Houston. I tell them. Had to change my return flight from New Orleans to Houston. I will then Amanda and I will come back to Orleans for a while. I don't have any other words. Births from students and friends trickle in. They, too, are safe, but wonder if anyone has heard from others. I haven't. Whiskey's! Bled useless. And now gully Gully turn home as a comfortable home with a comfortable bed, removed from my dying cry.

I continue to talk as the day progresses. Death. Chaos. Simulations. Confused, angry, numb and broken faces on the screen. I am paralyzed by the TV. Which my house through the glass. Eleven years of my life I have spent in this place. New Orleans is an island surrounded by swamp and water. What short-sighted fool would ever live there? New Orleansians say the name about Caliburgians will one day fall into the

sea. No, New Orleans isn't an island any more. It is the levee. A bowl of poison water. And I sit here looking at it through a TV screen, wonder about the poor husbands who desperately wade through it, wonder when the government will do something.

Do we owe something to anyone for our past mistakes? Or do humans take one off it all? The politicians congratulate each other on reacting so quickly, so decisively, to America's worst natural disaster. The media ploy for a glorious person as the same video loops play over and over. My head buzzes as the day wears on. I think of slavery as I look at all the black faces that are now officially victims, among crumpled on the pavement by the Riverwalk or just with anger and screaming at the camera. Why do I think of slavery as such a time? As such a desperate time? Undoubtedly, many of these faces are descendants of slaves. Is this a jump of logic, a skewed math developing in my head?

Why didn't you evacuate when you could, the interviewer asks a lady one who's been

taken to Houston tonight, in another disaster. The refugee's voice is exhausted. Her answer is rambling. "You've lost everything, haven't you, the interviewer asks."

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO MISS NEW ORLEANS?
—LOUIS ARMSTRONG
FRIDAY, SEPT. 2

You're probably seen photos or videos of the intricately decorated and feathered black men and women, dressed as for Las Vegas Indians, dancing and singing and shaking tambourines in the streets of New Orleans around Carnival time. Collectively, they are known as Mardi Gras Indians. The Wild Tchoupitoulas. The Wild Magnolias. The Ninth Ward Hunters. The Creole Wild West. Legend has it that these people are the descendants of runaway slaves taken in by local First Nation bands hundreds of years ago. At the turn of the 20th century they were small gangs who battled each other for New Orleans' barbers had taken a symbolic turn. Instead of fighting each other with

IT'S A RISKY BUSINESS

Researchers are working to reduce losses from disasters

A SUMMER HEAT wave in France killed 15,000 people in 2003. The Asian tsunami at the end of last year killed perhaps 200,000. The 1998 ice storm in Ontario and Quebec killed 39 people, the 2003 SARS outbreak in Ontario 44, drawing populations, the exploding complexity of modern urban life—and, according to many analysts, global climate change—are all conspiring to push up the cost of natural disasters, whether you measure in money or misery.

Which is why there's an Institute for Catastrophic Loss Reduction at the University of Waterloo-Ontario in London. A research institute founded in 1996 by Canada's insurance industry, it's a think effort to control risk (and) settlement costs, the ICRL takes a multidisciplinary approach to combining the human and financial cost of natural catastrophes.

"The idea is, how can we prevent natural events—which are going to occur anyway—from becoming natural disasters?" Gordon McBean, the institute's policy chair, says. "It's both what we might call a structural approach, engineering better homes and better houses, but a lot of what we call non-structural approaches."

Disaster control in many instances amounts to public information. Homeowners need to know how to guard against fires or tornadoes, when to contact a trouble area, and what to store around the house in case there's ever an emergency. Governments need to coordinate storm warnings, better urban planning, and disaster-response plans, and, like the rest of us, business owners and individuals are getting in on the stakeholder to get their hands to disaster while it's still

a theoretical possibility instead of a reality. "This is an example of where government should have made investments and chosen not to," McBean said of last week's Gulf Coast slaughterhouse, but to a lesser degree, he's seen similar lack of foresight before. In the late 1990s, when he was the senior meteorologist in charge of Environment Canada's weather service, his budget was cut 30 per cent over four years. It was a perfectly understandable act of fiscal responsibility, but he says it also severely diminished the federal government's ability to learn about severe weather and get word to Canadians.

McBean says the new federal Department of Public Safety and Emergency Preparedness is far more concerned with guarding against the long-shot danger of a terrorist attack than with the more mundane enemies of wind, rain, fire and disease. There's a very little thought in federal infrastructure programs given to ensuring that infrastructure can survive a natural catastrophe. But even so, he believes this, McBean says it's easy to understand. Disaster relief is hard work for politicians: sweep into the disaster zone, hug the bereaved, distribute largesse. Disaster prevention is almost totally unworkable. "What you're actually trying to do is create a situation where, when the hazard occurs, nothing happens," he says.

Levees held. Sewers don't overflow. Tornadoes did. To blow the roofs off houses that were designed to resist such a fate. Power lines fall under the weight of ice and are demolished within hours, instead of three-week-old towers crumpling and taking weeks to rebuild. "What's the benefit of that?" McBean asks. It's obvious, of course, but hard to fully grasp: the idea that could go to safeguarding against a single threat is a dollar that can be spent today on health care or tax cuts or a war on terrorism. Today's needs are pressing, tomorrow's dangers are hard to see and it's far too late. Which is why specialists in disaster reduction live in a world of we-should and why don't they, while the victims of catastrophe are trapped in a world of should have and why didn't they.

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FRIDAY
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Thousands line a street on the outskirts of the city waiting for bus transportation to Houston



which men, women and boys, they meet in the arms of our cry in certain times of year and back with voices and song. These meetings are one of the great spectacles the Crescent City has to offer.

A Mardi Gras Indian doesn't wear the same "mask," the same incredibly ornate and carefully constructed costume, two years in a row. On Ash Wednesday, the day after Carnival has ended, he will retire his old suit and immediately begin creating a new costume, one head, one stick, at a time. I've seen beautiful headwear from Indians all across North America, and the Mardi Gras Indian headwear is some of the best. Men and women sit patiently in their living rooms and sew together over the course of a year, just for the chance to strut proudly and pose themselves on fat Tuesday. That's dedication, that's focus, that's love. That's New Orleans. One head at a time. One bead, one wall, one house re-built at a time.

Amesida died for Houston with a week-end's worth of clothes and a few important papers. These are my summer's travel suitcase with my single feet here tucked safely inside

That's about it. That's about all we can say, my friends if we are to believe the *Tex* but we're lucky. We won't forget this.

I wake up early this morning, able to sleep only a couple of hours. A chemical fire is burning out of control. The President's supposed to wear the disaster zone today. Thousands are still stuck in the city with little or nothing. Corpses continue to rot and swell in the sun and water. Martial law has been declared. As slow as the water drains from the city, the people have begun to trickle out. I turn off the TV. The Fox News is reporting on New Orleans has been running through my head lately. His house was in the Ninth Ward. I hear that song to myself. I hear an Amalthea heart song for my city.

My brother-in-law, Tom, has a coffin with me. We debate the most efficient way to rebuild New Orleans. Rebuild New Orleans. I'm surprised I am talking about this.

Whenever I'm away from that city, and people ask me where I live, I always answer

the same way. I spend a lot of my year in the Crescent City. I always get the same look, the same stink that says, you lucky bug guy. It must be fun. I tell these people that's Mardi Gras every day of the year then, you know New Orleans has some serious social, environmental and moral problems. Yeah, however, these stinks say. It must be fun.

In a week, in a month, in a year, this city will be replaced by a new one. America has become the land of crisis. Al Qaeda and terrorism. Gas shortages. Social strife. Natural disasters. It seems to me this morning that America is addicted to these crises. The aren't forced to deal with your fundamental problems if you are always in a state of emergency. That something tells me this one is different. Katrina sent away the thimble-brains signifying civilility from social breaks down as easily as the tipped the wheel. Teflon skin from the Superdome. We will be forced to care for the city that care forgot, and for the people who are so often forgotten. **BT**



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MISTER ONTARIO

How Dalton McGuinty resurrected himself by trashing Ottawa over payments

ONTARIO PREMIER Dalton McGuinty knows better than most politicians that once an idea gets stuck in the public's mind, it's hard to dislodge. After winning the provincial election in the fall of 2003, he failed to keep a string of campaign promises, most notably by raising taxes in the following year's budget. The conservative "let's get stuck to him" it took months of dogged, repetitive messaging to begin replacing the "L" word with another easy-to-grasp notion: the gas. All last winter and into the spring, McGuinty hammered home his point that Ontario gives \$23 billion a year more to Ottawa than it gets back—way too much. By any right, his federal Liberal counterpart hasn't been able to persuade Ontario voters that McGuinty's gap isn't a problem.

It's been a branding coup for the premier. He's reversed himself as his province's voice in the high-stakes game that is Canada fiscal federalism. Back in early May, Paul Martin cut a deal to give Ontario \$5.7 billion more over five years. But if the PM thought that would be enough to buy peace, he was wrong. McGuinty is now pressing his case the gap case over harder. Last week, he called for a national commission to study financial relations between Ottawa and the provinces, the first of its kind since the landmark Meech Lake constitution, whose 1990 report kicked the way for a historic shift of power to Ottawa. "I believe in federalism," McGuinty said. "But I am equally convinced that the fiscal arrangements designed to support it are sorely outmoded."

McGuinty links his argument closely to education, his top policy priority, saying Ottawa needs to keep more of its money to invest in a world competitive workforce. For federal Liberals, as in action early in 2006—with McGuinty, an ideal shaping up as the most important background—on ongoing war of words with the McGuinty wing of their party in a disarming prospect. Yet it is hard to see the conflict ending any time soon. McGuinty's newly named point



The premier has been telling Martin the province pays too much and gets too little

person on the file, intergovernmental Affairs Minister Martin Bourasseau, talks tough. "I'm fine with my federal colleagues, I respect them," Bourasseau said. "Just wish they would treat this respect, not the, but to the people of Ontario."

He cracked Liberal MP for voting slaps on the report that wanted Ontario might think to have not status if Ottawa keeps draining its wealth. That danger, he says, is real. What would it take to hush the able? McGuinty has refused being pinned down

on a figure, and Bourasseau wouldn't be specific either. But she did offer this hint of that: \$23 billion Ontario contributes over what it gets back from Ottawa, she, and 60 per cent can be chalked up to the province's strong tax base, the remaining 40 per cent re "unfair" federal programs.

These measure of alleged unfairness amounts to a whopping \$9.1 billion a year. Is it possible Ontario is being so grossly shortchanged? Depends which expert you ask. Sorting out how cash flows back and forth among Ottawa and the provinces tends to try to understand the New Orleans system of levees, canals and pumps. McGuinty both his complex case down in a few compelling examples. Ontario gets \$857 per person from Ottawa in health and social transfers, while the other provinces get \$941. Federal infrastructure programs since 1990 transferred \$73 per person to Ontario, compared to \$93 in the rest of the country.

In response, federal Citizenship and Immigration Minister Joe Volpe, a powerful Ontario voice at Martin's cabinet table, has

MCGUINITY says he believes in federalism. It's just that the fiscal arrangements are "luridly outmoded."

and the province gets less and gives more because it's rich. But McGuinty's strategies have recently been compelling figures to highlight the poverty inside that prosperity. Among the statistics they cite: 771,533 people in Toronto lived below the low-income line according to 2001 census data, more than double the 396,385 in the four Atlantic provinces combined.

Still, Ontario's need to cope with social problems isn't McGuinty's main thrust. His argument now is on the notion that for Ontario's economy to stay competitive, his government needs to reinvest aggressively in education. And it is on this point that the politics of the pig farm into something much more than a debate about dollars. It's a struggle between Ontario and the provinces over what politicians at both levels are at the policy they hope to dominate in the future. The problem made education their central theme of their recent Council of the Federation meeting in Banff, Alta., and they plan to stage an education summit in Ottawa in late October or early November. That's about the same time McGuinty's government is expected to release a pre-election economic policy



downgraded has been saying that the danger of Ontario sinking to have-out status is real

statement—in which the federal focus on education is almost certain to feature as the major theme.

Ten Courchane, the Queen's University public policy professor and guru on the inner workings of Canadian federalism, sees all this as part of a wider federal-provincial struggle. According to Courchane, provinces hold the key constitutional responsibilities in the new

global economy, especially over education. But Ontario has more revenue-generating capacity, largely because it "got there first," by imposing taxes such as the cash-spending GST. So while provinces want to take the initiative in their jurisdictions, Ontario uses spending power to show its way to a leadership role. "Human capital and education is now the cornerstone of competitiveness," he says. "Ontario has to be there for custom-building purposes, but it doesn't have the jurisdiction, just the fiscal clout."

The sphere is that Ontario's status on the hot policy file depends on its maintaining a financial edge over the provinces. Thus, McGuinty's demand for a shift of fiscal might back to Ontario amounts to challenging the federal government's vision of its own future. And Ontario's hardly alone in attacking the "fiscal imbalance," a major gripe of Quebec's Jean Charest, among other provinces. Their solidarity on the issue, though, depends on keeping Ontario as the shared enemy. Any hint of making Alberta's soaring oil revenues a target for the less prosperous provinces—in other words, all of them—triggers angry defensive reaction in Alberta.

Even an out-of-the-field proposal from Courchane last week that Alberta should voluntarily enter into a new interprovincial resource revenue-sharing pact met with a very hands-off response. The flare-up prompted McGuinty to quickly assert that he doesn't want Alberta's petro-dollars.

No sensible Ontario premier would back on increased support from other provinces in a political row, the disgraced anti-Global Canada activist across the country is too strong. But McGuinty may not really need dollar bills. In the run-up to the federal vote expected early in 2006, Ontario's 104 seats, out of the 308 in the House, contained plenty of attention. Pollsters' spring showed that nearly 60 per cent of Ontario voters bought McGuinty's case that Ontario was treating their province unfairly.

Even worse from the federal Liberal perspective, the Glen Research Associates polling firm found "the principal beneficiary of Premier McGuinty's campaign for a bigger share of federal resources has been Stephen Harper and the Conservatives." With McGuinty's gap gaping as a full political issue, Martin might have to find a way to make peace—or risk losing that rift between Liberals' plague him in the biggest background of this coming re-election bid.

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The March Continues



Ontario March of Dimes was established in 1951 to fund research and provide medical and rehabilitative assistance to people who had contracted polio. "Over the many years, the vision has not changed. Today we are a multi-service organization that provides innovative programs and services to people with post-polio syndrome and other conditions that cause physical disabilities, including multiple sclerosis, cerebral palsy, arthritis, ALS and strokes," says Andrea Spindel, President and CEO. In fact, with about 1,600 staff and more than 18,000 volunteers, Ontario March of Dimes is the largest community-based rehabilitation organization in Ontario. "Our vision is to create a society inclusive of people with physical disabilities."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DIME CAN MAKE

In 1951 the fund-raising efforts were quite simple: mothers, determined to help their vaccine for polio, canvassed door-to-door, raising funds one dime at a time. Known as the Marching Mothers®, they received support from the community, celebrity endorsements and school children bringing up staked cards of dimes. They collected \$14,000.

Fast-forward to 2005 and 15,000 "Marching Mothers" now canvass throughout Ontario during the month of January. Their goal is to raise \$1 million which is just one sixth of Ontario March of Dimes' annual fund-raising target of \$6 million.

THE POLIO VACCINE

This year marks the 50th anniversary of the Salk vaccine, which helped to eradicate poliomyelitis (polio) in North America. Polio is a highly contagious viral disease characterized by headaches, fever, sore throat and stiffness, and in two percent of cases paralysis and permanent disability. Together Ontario March of Dimes, Polio Canada and Canada Post are celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Salk vaccine with this special edition stamp, available on September 9, 2005.



EVER-EXPANDING PROGRAMS

Ontario March of Dimes helps to fund and administer a wide variety of programs and services for people with physical disabilities. From education to vocational rehabilitation, from job training to barrier-free design, from peer support to innovative new technology, ranging to supportive housing to recreation – Ontario March of Dimes is doing more, and doing it for more people than ever before. Some of its national programs include:

CONDUCTIVE EDUCATION CANADA

Conductive Education® is a special program that merges elements of education and rehabilitation to teach individuals the skills and strategies to be independent, explains: Charlie Morgan, Conductive Education Provincial Lead Conductor. Participants develop problem-solving skills and techniques, body control, mobility and communication.

STROKE RECOVERY CANADA

In June 2004, Stroke Recovery Canada® was launched prior to the World Stroke Congress in Vancouver at the request of stroke recovery associations and local groups across the country, explains Kimberly Daniels, National Manager, Peer Support Services. "They needed one national voice for stroke survivors and their caregivers." Stroke is one of the leading causes of death and disability especially among adults and the numbers continue to increase – approximately 300,000 Canadians live with the effects of a stroke and 50,000 Canadians have a stroke every year. The average stroke survivor lives 10 years after a stroke but while generally less than six months to two years, says Daniels. "We are working on awareness programs that stroke recovery is not a short term process. The process can take many years and the key is continuation."

POLIO CANADA

For much of Elisabeth Lounsbury's adult life, the only outward sign that child had polio was an 8-year old wisp of the supportive leg braces that she wore at the time. Otherwise, she did her best to follow her doctor's advice: that was to forget she ever had polio. Elisabeth married and raised five children. She also worked full-time, running her own business. When Lounsbury was in her early 40s, she started to experience a lot of pain. There were new weaknesses and she felt exhausted all the time, so

much so that she had to sell her business and stop working. At the time, doctors told Elisabeth there was nothing wrong with her. What Lounsbury was experiencing was post-polio syndrome (PPS). PPS is a condition that affects polio survivors anywhere from 10 to 40 years after recovery from an initial paralytic attack of the poliovirus. PPS is characterized by fatigue, slowly progressive muscle weakness and, at times, muscular atrophy.

Today Lounsbury, 62, is managing her symptoms, and is the Chair of "Polio Canada", a program of Rehabilitation Foundation for Disabled Persons, Canada. "Polio Canada links people with post-polio syndrome as well as regional support groups and organizations. It is estimated there are more than 125,000 Canadians living today who have survived polio. Polio Canada provides information and support services. It's also working to get more recognition for post-polio syndrome as a health condition requiring medical and social support.

Stroke Recovery Canada, Polio Canada and Conductive Education Canada are programs of Rehabilitation Foundation for Disabled Persons, Canada. RFPD Canada was incorporated as a national charity and subsidiary of Ontario March of Dimes to provide a legal and fiscal framework for the expansion of national programs.

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Over the years, many celebrities have helped Ontario March of Dimes including TV personality Betty Kennedy C.G., the first female federal cabinet minister Rt. Hon. Ellen Paerelough, hockey greats Darryl Sittler and Larry Robinson, politician Rt. Hon. Paul Martin. So when had gone himself, appeared Lou Marshall, former ballerina Veronica Tennant O.C., former Ontario premier Hon. David Peterson, musician Oscar Peterson C.C., journalist and actress June Galloway O.C., and currently, actor Leslie Nielsen O.C.



LESLIE NIELSEN, ACTOR

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ALL FOR ONE?

For the first time in years, Canada and the U.S. explore their will to defend one another

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE the attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, Canadian and American officials will sit down across the table from one another this month and begin delicate negotiations over the future of their joint military institutions. The subject of their talks will not be Afghanistan or Iraq, but the defence of North America itself. For almost half a century, the U.S. and Canada have jointly defended their skies in what has been perhaps the most intimate bilateral military collaboration in the world. Buried deep inside Cheyenne Mountain in Colorado, operating from some 7,100 feet above sea level, the North American Aerospace Defence Command—known as NORAD—is a unique blended operation in which an American command and a Canadian

deputy command function from both countries. Shoulder patches on their matching flight suits are all first steps towards the handshake from the Canadian, the ice-temperament the left-hander, who watch the skies from below, proof steel-walled buildings at the end of deep tunnels like battens of exposed rock. From white planes on their desks in the Battle Management Centre—an 800 sq. foot room lined with computer work stations—commanders are able to scramble fighter planes to intercept airborne threats from either side of the border.

But the agreement that makes this arrangement possible exists in a very fragile manner. Paul Martin and President George W. Bush have said they want to use this renewal process to expand the Cold War partnership

into a strengthened defence against threats from terrorism, rogue states, and natural disasters. But they left unanswered the key question: by how much?

For three years and at a cost to Canadians of \$3.1 million, a group of military and civilian specialists covered by both governments has made this question. The 20 Americans and 20 Canadians began with the proposition that borders should not stand in the way of saving lives when it comes to dealing with natural disasters or attacks. If Canadian troops have the closest chemical decontamination equipment to a disaster in Mexico,

in the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center, Yanks and Canucks set shoulder to shoulder, ready to react to an airborne threat

they should cross the border and take the lead without delay. If a mass disaster in Canada could be helped by U.S. personnel or equipment, they should be free to volunteer to help at a moment's notice. "Why would we limit ourselves to our own pool of resources if our neighbours have something very close by that could be of use?" asks Richard Berggren, a Canadian navy expert who is the current co-director of the group, known as the Bi-National Planning Group.

But the reality does not live up to that neighbourly ideal.

When the researchers began investigating what on the staff plans the two countries had for co-operation, they were shocked. First, the protocols (mostly on paper and some existing only in one copy) were scattered to the four winds: some in Ottawa, some in Washington, others in New South, and the rest "in grandma's basement," in the words of one senior researcher. Most were out of reach and out of mind of a commander who might be able to use them. All but the NORAD agreement were grossly out of date. Most plans were focused on the Soviet threat, some referred to agencies that no longer exist, and most had not been revised by the people who were expected to execute them.

Up-to-date contingency plans can save time in an emergency because they allow the two militaries to co-operate without

mindful thinking. New plans needed to be drawn up, but more than that, both militaries needed a new culture and a new structure to promote co-operation.

The vision the researchers laid out for the politicians in their interim report last October is ambitious and at some degree politically provocative. The no-only NORAD administrative headquarters. The job is to coordinate by phone and email with their own commands. But their situation underscores some of the obstacles to co-operation.



the formal entrance (above), and the 25-ton door that seals off the mountain from attack

be "expanded to embrace all elements on a coherent military strategy that will seal our common secrets and plans." The NORAD agreement could be replaced by a broader "Continental Defence and Security Agreement," wrote the group. In final report it due in the spring.

While the group worked, however, commands were preferring rather than consolidating. In the fall of 2002, the U.S. established U.S. Northern Command, or USNORTHCOM—a centre that combines all American forces, sea, air and land, for the defence of North America. Canada is now narrowing the effort by creating Canada

to co-operation. Canadians are not allowed to so much as walk in front of our entire row of workstations—one of which contains an intelligence computer accessed in a black box and in off-limits to foreigners. What kind of information does it contain? "I'm not allowed to tell you," says Col. Bob Holliman, a U.S. National Guard pilot of 30 years, one of the commanders of the centre. Next to it is a workstation that will be used to track missiles as part of the infinite missile defence system. Once that system is operational, it will be off-limits to Canadians.

It is such barriers to information sharing that alarm the Bi-National Planning Group, which has been mapping the way information flows within and between the two militaries. It becomes a broad tendency in both countries to assign intelligence NORAD—meaning "no foreign"—access. None of officers from one country believe the information could ever be in the other, making rules could put them at a legal risk for mishandling classified information of day-to-day work, most likely. More than that, the group wants to open information flow among not only the unified services, but all agencies in both countries involved in homeland security: from civilian law enforcement agencies to local fire responders. Rather than "bureaucratic" military-to-military information sharing, they want to achieve a "spidee-web" of information flow among agencies. There were hard lessons learned during a recent military exercise involving a hypothetical nuclear "dirty bomb" over the Northeast corridor



PRESUMPTIONS OF GUILT

Will David Radler turn on Conrad Black? Well, we're assuming so.

IT IS NOW WIDELY AGREED that Conrad Black is in an inescapable legal trap—sprung by his long-time associate, David Radler. Last month, when Radler decided to plead guilty to fraud, and to co-operate with the ongoing investigation into alleged financial conspiracy on the part of Hollinger International, pundits were unanimous: that was a legal catastrophe for the falcon prince here. His name hasn't even been mentioned by prosecutors. But hey, we've all seen *Law and Order* to know that once you get the accused lieutenant to flip on the big guy, you've only got a few minutes before credits roll—just enough time

for a guilty verdict, and a world-weary yawn from Jack McCoy.

But unlike *Law and Order*, real life sometimes produces surprise endings. And in the case of Everybody's Conrad, Moffat Black, a few assumptions have been made that may prove unwarranted. And they could provide some unexpected plot twists before the story's over.

The popular presumptions begin with the fraud indictment brought last month against Radler, former Hollinger lawyer Mark Kipnis, and Black's private holding company Raveston. Ever since Hollinger International accused Black and Radler of propping up a "corporate deception," the world has been waiting for the feds to lower the boom. But now that charges have finally been filed, they took a fairly curious. The case against Radler, Kipnis and Raveston deals with only a handful of allegedly unauthorized or falsified transactions. According to prosecutors, the executives, along with a few jet-setted "co-schemers," diverted US\$2 million out of Hollinger through bogus non-complete payments and bonuses between 1998 and February 2001.

Now, where I come from, US\$2 million is still a lot of dough, and the charges carry a maximum penalty of 15 years in prison, so this is hardly piece-of-cake stuff. But it is a far cry from the US\$400-million conspiracy outlined by Hollinger's own press a year ago. At the time, the feds are alleging a rather modest one. What's more, the suspect deals covered by the criminal charges are old news. The company first discovered and



Seen, Radler was the trusted lieutenant. But that's no guarantee he'll be a credible witness.

declared them in the fall of 2003. At the time, they were considered scandalous, but certainly not criminal. Initially, Black was allowed to stay on as chairman. It wasn't until weeks later that the whole affair got really messy and Black was ousted.

The indictment makes no mention of tens of millions of dollars in disputed fees paid to Black, Radler and others in part of the sale of Hollinger's major Canadian newspaper to CanWest in 2000. There's nothing about the hundreds of thousands of dollars in personal expenses covered by the company. And there's no reference

to the various questionable loans between Hollinger International and the swelling colonies in Black's favorite media empire.

This has left many puzzled, and has led to a widespread belief that there must be a bigger, more damning, more bombastic indictment on the way for Black.

Well, maybe there is, but not necessarily. The Hollinger report was full of accusations, and a long list of outrageous financial corporate power. But even if they're all true (which hasn't been proven), it's not clear that any of them amount to criminal fraud. In fact, most of the central complaints—including the CanWest payments, the alleged misuse of expense accounts, and bloated management fees—were either approved by the board, or fell into the realm of subjective judgment.

It's a big leap from bad governance to criminal fraud. And although we journalists don't often concern ourselves with such distinctions, Federal Court judges do. If much of the alleged misconduct by Hollinger's former executive was disclosed or approved in one way or another, it'll be tough to make a case that anybody should go to the slammer for excessive fees, or helping the corporate jet for a trip to Rome.

Don't bother floating that possibility in casual conversation however. In New York, London and Toronto, the charging clinics are convinced Black will shirk the fate of Dennis Kozlowski—the former chief executive of Tyco—who let shareholders finance his opulent lifestyle and is now facing 30 years in the ditch. Ask the gossipy and they'll tell you the feds are still building a similar case against Black. Radler, they say, is now splitting all the seams, sifting investigations down to look for buried bodies. And there you run into assumption number 2: that David Radler can and will implicate Conrad Black in criminal wrongdoing.

Let's review for a moment what little we know about the way business was conducted in the Hollinger group of companies. For almost 40 years, Radler was Black's over-protected disciple, the man and sole operator

supporting the big picture message. And if there's one skill with which Radler is undeniably credited, it's his ability to track every penny flowing through a business. Black, on the other hand, was more interested in mingling with society's upper crust than doing a good job of the same hard-core number crunching.

Black surrounded himself with a group of trusted aides who handled the details. Radler was his number man, Jack Boudreau was his tax expert, Peter Addison and Kipnis his lawyers. And while Radler may testify that he was scrutinizing deals on Black's orders, finding a paper trail to corroborate that claim won't be so easy, since documents at the top executive level were rarely put in writing. You can be sure that if there was any piece of paper, with Black's signature on it, that explicitly detailed an offence, Hollinger or the feds would have happily ended our suspect by now.

Everything we know about the company suggests that, in some sense, a jury will be asked to weigh one man's word against another's. And that raises the more widely held assumption of all: that David Radler will be a credible and willing prosecution witness.

On this point it's useful to consider some of the major corporate compromise cases that

testimony, the jury simply didn't believe a bunch of admitted fraudsters seeking to mitigate their own punishment by shifting blame up the line of command.

Of course, there are many other top executives—Bernie Ebbers at WorldCom and John Riggs at Adelphi, for example—who have been convicted on the word of their underlings. But the fact remains that testimony obtained from co-conspirators is inherently flawed. And given that Radler was widely known to be a more hands-on executive than Black was, it seems probable others are going to need a lot more than his word to make a case stick.

We all think we know how this story is going to end, but let's bear a few things in mind while we wait for the curtain to fall. There's a gap between what we know and what we've assumed. After more than a year of investigations, Conrad Black has not even been charged. Let alone tried. We have no idea what David Radler is going to say. And even the most damaging testimony now guarantees of conviction. None of that causes what happened to Hollinger, of course. If half of the allegations are true, it'll go down as one of the ugliest cases of corporate mismanagement on record. But many of Black's detractors are way ahead of themselves.

It's worth remembering that as it was Black who initiated the company's internal investigation (see shareholder lawsuit). And when the board first uncovered the over-the-top US\$32 million, Black blamed it on administrative bungling by subsidiaries, and promised costly back-scratching. From there, the Hollinger affair developed into a maelstrom of lawsuits, court cases, threats and intimidation. But through it all, Black has never wavered from his contention that, as far as he knew, everything at Hollinger was done within the letter of the law.

It may be that Black is in a legal corner he can't escape. Maybe he'll be charged. Maybe he'll be convicted. Maybe he'll even go to jail. And maybe, that would be justice. But if even one of our many assumptions is off the mark, then there is another possibility he has passed to consider: maybe Conrad Black—after losing his publishing crown, his reputation, his cherished cache of national friends and much of his money—has actually faced all the punishment he's likely to get. ■

Read Steve Mach's writing, "Old Business," at www.mackinn.com/columnists

WE ALL think we know how this story will end. But there's a gap between what we know and what we expect.

have gone some over the past couple of years. Take, for instance, the case of Richard Scrushy, the former chief executive of HealthSouth Corp., who was charged with more than a dozen counts of fraud and money laundering in 2003. The government preferred 13 guilty pleas from other HealthSouth executives, including five former finance chiefs, and they all testified against Scrushy. One even corroborated the CEO talking about accounting irregularities at the company.

But in June, Scrushy was found not guilty on all counts. In a statement released to the media after the decision, jurors said "the issues behind our verdict was the lack of substantial evidence and extensive 'credibility' After listening to more than one month of

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PROVOCATION

In defence of ethnic cleansing and an unrepented European upbringing

The erudite **George Jonas** was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1932. He grew up under both Nazism and Communism before emigrating to Canada in the mid-1950s. The high-profile newspaper columnist, poet and bestselling author has also written, directed and produced more than 200 documentaries and dramas for the CBC (including the award-winning series *The Secrets of Quebec*), and is widely known for his passion for places and languages. His latest book is *Bombardier's Mark: Notions of My Life and Times*. He talked to Maclean's Editor-in-Chief Kenneth Whyte last week in Toronto.

The book is a "life and times"—your life and the times of Western civilization and mostly European civilization over the last several years. What has changed most about Europe in your eyes?

As far as I can tell, it has begun to feel much more like America. It is when you part from certain obvious architectural things, when you walk in a European street, you can no longer tell that you're not in fact in North America. You experience a superficial degree of Americanization that is quite astounding. Fifty years ago, America was unique in that you could not tell a person's occupation by looking at him or talking to him. In Europe, you almost unfailingly could tell the exact social positioning of a person just by the way he moved or he pulled up a chair, the way he talked, the way he was dressed. In America, you couldn't. The delightful re-birth of Chicago's regent [between 1920 and 1944], whose diary I quote from in the book, was attended on an encounter with the American occupational forces in Germany—it was one of the first notes she scribbled in her diary—that you literally did not know the rank of Americans. You couldn't tell officers from enlisted men and subalterns from the highest-ranking staff officers and that was quite amazing. So in that sense

Europe has become thoroughly Americanized and that is a huge change. Meanwhile, in the sense of how to organize society, Americanism became Europeanized. When I came to Canada, there used to be two sayings. When people didn't land of agree with what you did, they would say, "Gosh, there ought to be a law." Now you hardly ever hear that saying anymore because where there ought to be a law, there is a law. That is European to the utmost. I mean, in Europe there were laws about where you could live, which goes you could stay on, and so forth. This has become now a prerogative of North America. The other thing that I used to hear—and I certainly don't hear it anymore—again when people land of disgruntled with you they said, "Well it's a free country." It used to be

You grew up in Europe during a particularly brutal period of its history, yet you talk in the book of compensating advantages of a European upbringing.

I think I have very mixed feelings for Europe, at least the Europe that I used to live in. It is the relative ease with which it handled things like alcohol and sex and so forth. I found it vaguely interesting that countries like Canada that would have such slight political contrast to Europe when I arrived here and was so wise in the arrangements of its public affairs and civil affairs was so uptight in so many matters, sexual matters, liquor licenses. I was very happy that my background in matters having to do with human relations occurred in Europe, because I thought that it was better.

What are the principal differences?

I described them in part of one chapter where I think that the experimentation between young men and women proceeded at least in that part of the world, but not perhaps in the whole of Europe—no, that's much too wisdom and understanding. It was

not a big deal, whereas in much of Canada and North America, it seemed accompanied with deep contradictions and guilt and hang-ups which mangled religious lives. Whether you were Catholic or Jewish, somehow the whole thing was a big dark complicated thing and [in Europe] that was largely absent. I was served alcohol when I was about 10 or 12 years old and my father poured me a glass of wine with dinner. Here I had to be 21 in order to get a bottle of beer. It was puzzling because it was so different from the way other nations were handled, and it led me to the conclusion that perhaps every period and every continent has its own form of insanity. I don't talk about that in the book, but someone has a theory that there is only so much goodness and sobriety and so forth to go around in the world and once this hemisphere consumed the market on political sanity there wasn't too much left for Europe, and Europe consumed the market on vapoury and ideal social sanity and there wasn't enough for North America.

But you came here at the height of the so-called sexual revolution, or at least the start of it. Did that change things at all?

The sexual revolution, where that happened in the 1950s, erupted with vengeance, and from a guilt-ridden and furious resistance everyone turned into balloons. I thought it was the natural consequence of the repression. In fact, at the time I was saying it's not surprising people are behaving like balloons because they were so needlessly repressed.

You began a chapter on the Holocaust with a quote from Seneca about how chronic grief becomes offensive and deserves to be ridiculed.

Well, I think that Seneca's quote speaks for itself. The reason I began with the quote is simply because most memories of not just the Holocaust but traumatic events, tragic events,



trifurcation events, and so forth are written from a weakling's point of view, somebody who was at the receiving end of the traumatic event. Even if they are not at pitying, just by describing what happened they have a result of overwhelming the viewer or reader in a way that provokes ridicule. You know

the old age-old story of the woman who tells the gradually tragic tale of her life and those in the company that can befall a person that didn't befall her, and she is telling the

Jonas has no direct parts of his book will be misinterpreted, either sincerely or willfully

truth and everybody in the stage coach believes her and they follow her story with great sympathy, but once she gets on the last chapter of her story, when she was escaping from Africa across some desert with her last remaining child, and she is almost at the other shore when a crocodile comes out of the river and grabs the child and drags her into the drink and everybody breaks up laughing because it is really too much. The whole life of the Holocaust comes after a certain time, at least in my mind, so it was fortunate that in telling one Holocaust story, I didn't have to do that because I could tell the exact opposite of that story. And that is how, for one night at least, not just a Gentile but an anti-Semitic saved my life at the risk of his own. That I felt was a far more interesting story to tell after all the other stories have been told, and I was glad to be able to tell that particular story in line with Seneca's victims.

You argue in the section of the book that we have accepted [and condensed] within literature that there was nothing singular about the scope or the brutality of the Holocaust. You suggest that it seems large in our imaginations for other reasons. You compare it to a society murder. If someone gets killed in a slum, the story gets buried in the classified section. If someone gets murdered in a deep neighbourhood, it's front page news. What kind of response do you think this analogy will provoke from Holocaust memorialists?

Oh, I have a string of answers, in no particular order. I have agonized over the society murder metaphor since because I did not think that I was accurate, but because it was so accurate as to be facile. But I do believe that is one of the reasons why this particular Holocaust occupies us more than other comparable holocausts. There were other holocausts of even greater magnitude, and comparable in cruelty, tragedy and unsupportable inhumanity. But in this

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in the dining room with people eating and folk clattering and so on at Barbus, entered the room by the time she reached her table at the other end, there was total silence. That was the difference between Barbara and Adrienne. There were immense differences reaching far deeper on many other levels, but if you wanted to represent the difference in a movie scene that would have been it.

You describe three types of statist assaults on liberalism in the 20th century: Nazism, Communism and the Canadian Way. Does Canada really deserve that company?

Does the Canadian Way deserve to be in the company of Nazism and Communism? If you measure it by the possibility of their success, I would say that in first place other ideologies may be much more brutal and crueler but the Canadian Way may achieve a higher level of success. The Canadian Way is simply statistics with a human face. My view has always been that when the chips are down, the methods of any statist entity would become irrelevant in the methods of the most barbaric statist entity. It's just that they have a better chance of avoiding the necessity of building their galags.

You argue in the book that we should tolerate a certain measure of anti-Semitism. It's always been, always will be, so to try and stamp it out completely is going to generate more social tension than letting it be. Have I got that right?

You put it right. I think this is true of anti-Semitism and a number of other national beliefs.

We have big government-funded campaigns here that are dedicated to stamping out hatred in all its forms.

I think it's like an attempt to stamp out cowdise. Now how do you stamp out cowdise? What you can do is stamp out or diminish a reaction to cowdise. You can attempt to explain to people that even if they are afraid of dogs, they don't have to scream and dash around the room when one walks in. I'm suggesting that the important thing may not be to stop people from having dislikes, prejudices, but from feeling that their prejudices entitle them to murder. Explaining to people the existence of the Ten Commandments is both easier and more productive than trying to force upon

them a certain opinion of another group which they have or don't have according to their likes. Most people don't want to murder anybody. It's easier to get across that you shouldn't blow up people just because you hate them. Hate them, but don't blow them up. It's the safer way, more practical.

You have written a chapter in defence of ethnic cleansing. What could there possibly be to say in defence of that?

I guess what brought me to that particular chapter was that the liberal view takes it for granted that Jewish settlements in Palestine are detrimental to peace in the Middle East. For the same people who hold that view would regard it as inalienable ethnic cleansing if Israel, which has about a million ethnic Arab citizens and thousands of Arabs trying to live and work in Israel in spite of the enmity between Israel and the Arab world, viewed its own Arab citizens the way the Palestinian state views Jewish settlers. It would be scandalous and it would be viewed as ethnic cleansing. But absolutely everyone of liberal views in Israel proper is in favour of dismantling the settlements and allowing a purely Arab ethnic state in the Middle East. Now I don't disagree with that—incidentally I favour dismantling at least some of the settlements myself—but it raises the question of whether it is avoidable or defensible in certain situations to separate ethnic or religious groups, whether it is more conducive to peace and harmony to come to the understanding that in certain periods of history, it is not beneficial or feasible for groups to exist in one entity, and thus putting up fences under strictly humane conditions can achieve the kind of separation that some nations achieve by bloodier means all by themselves.

So the argument is not in favour of violently imposed ethnic separation but a recognition that in many cases we would be better off acknowledging serious differences among antagonistic ethnicities.

Exactly. When the organizing principles of a given place and a given period call for ethnic separation, we should allow it to occur, and when they call for unification under a different organizing principle, we should allow that to occur, too. In other words, resisting the natural trend is probably the least intelligent thing we can do, and going with natural trends is the most intelligent. ■

EXCLUSIVE The Maclean's Excerpt

'JEWS ARE NEWS'

Why does the Nazi Holocaust preoccupy us more than any other genocide?

In this excerpt from *Tiersteven's Mark*, heavily condensed by Maclean's, Tiersteven based author and member George Jones refers the popular notion—circulated, among other places, in Daniel Goldhagen's book *Father's Willing Executioners*—that the Holocaust was a unique event, and that it arose from a peculiarly German kind of anti-Semitism.

I SPENT the first 19 years of my life in a Nazi-occupied Europe. My immediate family and I survived the war by hiding. Since I kept so busy, had the Nazis found me as they had found Anne Frank, I would have disappeared without a trace. This would undoubtedly have made the Holocaust a singular and unique event for me. I am less sure about the Holocaust having been a singular and unique event in world history. To me it seems that it was one of many horrible holocausts, albeit of enormous proportions. Also, doubtless the Holocaust was the inevitable result of anti-Semitism, and especially that the Holocaust was inevitably caused by a singular and unique type of anti-Semitism peculiar to Germany.

Goldhagen's thesis is that the Holocaust could never have happened without the participation of ordinary Germans, who participated because they were violently anti-Semitic. This is true enough as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. Surely that Hitler could not have killed six million Jews without the participation of many other people, and that people who participate in the wholesale slaughter of Jews are likely to be violently anti-Semitic, is saying something arguably self-evident.

Goldhagen contends that German people and culture were anti-Semitic and that anti-Semitism was a unique way that he calls "ultra-nationalism." For proof, he documents the humane existence of German anti-Semitic ideas and policies extraordinarily and convincingly. That is effective proof of its German singularity, or that "ultra-nationalism."

anti-Semitism can be taken as a precursor to, or at least a portion of, genocide.

Proof would be hard to come by, for history shows no inevitable link between anti-Semitism—or any other type of racial, ethnic, class, or religious prejudice or hatred—and genocide. What if men, traditional German prejudice against Jews, though widespread and intense, was less acute than traditional Polish prejudice, and indeed significantly more acute than French prejudice. Before Hitler's time, Jews often emigrated to Germany to escape worse discrimination elsewhere.

Was German anti-Semitism before the Hitler era materially different from anti-Semitism at other times and places? I believe it was not. Modern anti-Semitism developed side by side with nationalism, as older organizing principles of the social order weakened. Ironically, it came as a by-product of the Enlightenment. As

the dynastic and religious systems by which groups used to define themselves were losing their grip, people were gradually beginning to think of themselves as "Russians" rather than subjects of the Czar, or "Germans" rather than subjects of the Hohenzollern emperor. The sea-name vaults of the Bourbon were turning in to the Gallic sons and daughters of Marianne, the emblematic figure of the French Revolution. The pilgrims and warriors of Christianity or Islam were evolving into "Italians" or "Turks."

Such definition inevitably put a premium on ethnic identity. Suddenly Jews were no longer prelates in the colourful ragnary of empires, but alien and potentially harmful cells in the bloodstream of nations. As national identities assumed greater importance, a new type of anti-Semitism was born.

But these modern, popular-nationalist racist domains existed in the anti-Semitic laws and opinion of all contemporary cultures, not only in Germany. The "Jewish question" so-called, was raised by almost every nation from the end of the 19th to the end of the 20th century. Raising it was regarded as legitimate.

Why, then, did the Holocaust occur in Germany and not in some other country? There is a danger of relying to this by attributing

The key to that question lies in the book's central thesis: a camp in Austria, May 1945



TIERSTEVEN'S MARK
George Jones
May 1995 Book, \$22.95



some peculiar evil to Germans as a group—i.e., as “rac.” To his credit, Goldhagen takes great pains to avoid it. The problem is, as we’ve just discussed, there is *half* in German history or culture to provide an alternative explanation. Germany’s traditions were no less rational, no less civilized, no less chivalrous, than other Western traditions during the same period. Her public law and constitutionalism, the personal habits of her citizens, their ethical precepts, their customary religious beliefs, were not markedly different from those of the citizens of other European powers. German art, science, industry, and infrastructure were, if anything, more advanced. Although the governmental institutions in Germany’s recent past were more autocratic than those of France and England, not to mention the United States, they were not nearly as autocratic as many other countries’ living past; by the time Hitler came to power, the Weimar Republic was a democracy.

Jews in Germany were well integrated—not only far better than the Jews of Poland or Russia, but also the white better than the Jews in many Western countries, including even the United States and Canada. Most German Jews were German patriots. Though after their emancipation in the mid-18th century, their contributions to music, art, sciences, commerce, literature, journalism and even politics far exceeded their numbers (about one percent of Germany’s population). Germany’s institutions were not overwhelmed by Jews (though often because a frequent explanation offered by anti-Semites for their anti-Semitism), not

even to the extent that Austria’s or Hungary’s might have been. One basis in vain for a rational—or even irrational—explanation for a supposed “unique hatred” in the history of the relationship between Jews and Germans. The search turns up nothing.

What, then, is the answer? Why did the Holocaust occur in Germany? We can certainly view traditional German anti-Semitism as one contributing cause. Hitler himself must be considered a significant factor. A charismatic leader is like an ignition source, a spark utterly insignificant in the absence

AT THE RISK of trivializing a cataclysmic event by a facile metaphor, the Holocaust was like a society murder

of an explosive mixture, but the closest cause is his blow to a place filled with combustible fumes. In another country—or in Germany in another historic period—Hitler might have died unnoticed in a foghouse or in a mental institution. But he was where he was, shrewdly headed what he did. The Holocaust would not have happened without him.

There were many reasons for Germany being unlike other countries in the 1930s. Other countries lacked the shock that followed January 30 that the Germans believed they were winning alone until the last minute. The national instincts of that unexpected blow is still intensely understood outside

Germany. It was inevitable for conspiracy theories to start flourishing after such a traumatic event. The soil for Nazism was prepared by German emigration. Inquiries in more distant search for scapegoats. It seemed natural to include Jews in this conspiracy.

The super-inflation that started in 1922 and lasted until 1924 was devastating. The stock market crash of 1929 was undoubtedly a disaster, but the Depression did not necessarily lead to the rise of totalitarian systems elsewhere. More significant was the race, maybe even unique, vulnerability of the Weimar Republic. Conventional analysis often blames the treaty of Versailles for the rise of Nazism, but the status of Germany as an adolescent democracy was at least as important. That almost teenage-like stage in the nation’s life probably had more to do with the unusual enigmas in Germany’s soul than any other factor.

Massive democracies, such as the United States or Great Britain, with solid traditions of both individual liberty and checks and balances on the exercise of power, would have been far more resistant to the totalitarian nature of Nazism than Germany. Additionally, a democracy such as Britain’s would have been far more reluctant to let a party composed of modern and petty socialists grab the helm of the ship of the state. Social snobbery alone would have prevented a corporal like Hitler from becoming supreme leader of England.

But there is something even more important. The seemingly insurmountable hurdle of “Why in Germany?” vanishes if we stop in-

stating on the Holocaust as a unique and singular event. If we’re unique, we could scarcely expect it, in spite of all the pains listed above, except by ascribing to Germans an inherent, subconscious but hardly conscious personality flaw, no matter how we try to get around it, to the inherent, subconscious flaw the Nazis attributed to Jews.

A race of barbarians with inherent streaks of violent anti-Semitism does not metamorphose into a race of liberal humanists overnight, as Goldhagen inconspicuously admits in his book. The influence of power education can not achieve such a miracle. If Germans are not genetically anti-Semitic today—as indeed they are not—it is because Germans were never uniquely or inherently genocidal or anti-Semitic. They were just antiauthoritarian murderers between 1933 and 1945, as many groups have been at one period or another.

If we view the monstrous tragedy of the Holocaust as only one of many such monstrous tragedies in human history, then the accurate question becomes “Why not in Germany?” Why could Germans not do evil in the same way that so many other people have done?

“I would suggest that barbarism be considered as a permanent and universal/latent characteristic which becomes more or less pronounced according to the play of circumstances.” The French Catholic philosopher Simone Weil, a converted Jew, wrote

Super-inflation (left) and forced emigration period also go on for Hitler

these lines in 1940. The years since have given us no better insight.

A different question: If there is nothing unique about the Nazi Holocaust (while perhaps from its dimensions), why does it preoccupy us more than other holocausts?

Much it, for instance, with our attitude to the Communist holocaust. While Nazi criminals who played a direct role in the murder of six million are still hunted down and tried, we rarely prosecute Communist criminals of similar degrees of responsibility. (Interestingly, almost all the exceptions occurred in Germany, which did prosecute some former East German officials after unification.) Elsewhere it has been more usual for ex-functionaries of KGB or Gulag-type organizations to receive government positions or pensions.

The Nazi Party was immediately outlawed in post-war Germany. The Communist Party, in contrast, is still the official opposition in the former Soviet Union. Its disaffiliated like Karel Valchovsk, once disavowed, became international and untraceable. Ex-Communists occupied the United Nations and are still to join think tanks or lecture at Western universities. It would be unthinkable for known ex-Nazis to be invited to the same diplomatic cocktail receptions in Western countries as which ex-Communists, or even current Communists, are honored guests. And imagine a former Gestapo officer being accepted as the president of post-Nazi Germany, the way ex-KGB officer Vladimir Lukin has been accepted as the president of post-Soviet Russia.

Why does race to the Nazi Holocaust and the Communist holocaust differ so? It is possible to ponder the following answers. To begin with, the Holocaust provided people with the initial images of mass slaughter as the Nazi death camps were being liberated. Concentration camps were shown—for the first time in history—hoops of skeletal corpses being pushed into mass graves by bulldozers, along with mountains of footwear, gold teeth, artifacts alleged to have been made of human skin, and charred remains inside the incinerators of Auschwitz. No ordinary person had ever seen anything like it. These inaugural images finally shocked the world’s conscience.

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The Communist holocausts provided no comparable photographic opportunities. The victims of the Gulag died inside the Soviet Union, or China remained inaccessible to the cameras of the Western media. The millions of victims between the 1920s and the 1980s perished unseen. By the time a few pictures appeared on television screens, such as the aftermath of the holocaust in Cambodia, audiences had become numb to death and destruction through repeated exposure. Pictures of slaughter in people’s living rooms became commonplace during the television coverage of the Vietnam War. By the end of the 1970s, photographic images had lost their power to shock.

Another contributing reason, at least until recently, was the contrasting attitude many opinion makers had to Nazism as opposed to Communism. Identical as the two movements may have been, intellectuals could deal with the vice of one far

more easily than the other Nazism never "travelled," to borrow an expression from Vladimir Communism did.

There were still evident reasons for this. It would have been nonsense for fascists of German superiority to become an export item for non-Germans, or ideas of Aryan superiority for non-Aryans. Marxist notions of the class struggle faced no similar obstacles. In addition, Nazism as a social theory could rely on nothing but the coldness and misanthropy of human impulses to justify its call for conquest and slaughter, but Communism could also enlist warm and humane impulses of altruism to its nationalistic or even genocidal aims.

Next, given that Nazism suffered an abject military defeat within a decade of its emergence, while Communism appeared to march from triumph to triumph until the mid 1980s, it is not surprising that generations of opinion makers in academia, journalism and government have been reluctant to discuss acts of Communist genocide in the same breath with Nazi acts of genocide. To this day, Communist holocausts may be respectfully denied in countries whose loss treat the denial of the Nazi Holocaust as a crime.

World opinion has also been affected by the fact that the largest single group of Hitler's victims were Jews. Murdering an million members of one group does not have exactly the same consequences as murdering an million members of another. Recent massacres of Mayans, Malaysians or Kurds have not resulted in the same such as earlier massacres of Armenians. The opposition that attaches to genocide still vary not only with the slaughter's magnitude, scale, and timing, but also with the ability of its victims and survivors to attract attention and sympathy.

All victims are equal in their desire for, and entitlement to, the world's notice, but they are not always equal in their capacity to capture it. When Germans decided to exterminate the Jews, they picked the wrong group. As a result, Jews tended to be gifted and articulate. As an aggregate, they were well placed to disseminate information, especially in the Western hemisphere. Traditional Jewish occupations, in addition to science, business and the law, included such as travel, commerce and the literary arts, the entertainment industry and the media. War's onset, the Diaspora spread Jews all over the globe. Many rose to prominence in various



fields, Jews always amounted to a constituency in many key nations, at least in weight if not in numbers. "Jews are news," as an eminent Western scholar on Israel quipped in a speech in 2002, quoting an old Yiddish proverb.

Jews-Soviets have often pointed out these characteristics, distorted them, or used them illegitimately, mixed with false ones of their own invention, to raise the spectre of a mythical "Jewish conspiracy." That is a poisonous rubbish, but it does not mean that some of these characteristics do not exist. It is hardly surprising that Jews were persecuted by Nazis and resented being murdered. As they had the necessary resources to attract public attention, they relied on them—especially after the Holocaust—in self-defense.

Still, the foremost reason for which we view the Holocaust not only as one of many such atrocities in humanity's past, but as a unique occurrence and the epitome of evil, is probably different. Germany was Europe's most cultured nation. It was a nation of Kant, Beethoven and Goethe. Even if only a minuscule minority of its Nazis read poetry or played Mozart on the piano, the gulf between the cultural history of Germany's inhabitants and their barbaric behaviour during the Nazi era was inconceivably wide. It stunned their victims and stunned the world.

The scope and barbarity of the Holocaust would have been amazing even if carried out by barbarians from Bosnia, but it was not. It was carried out by Germans. It may be difficult for post-war governments raised in the last half century—during which Germans became equated with the Nazis—to, entirely in popular consciousness but also in political and academic discourse—so understand

the sheer bewilderment people felt in the decade between the mid-1930s and the 1940s as they were gradually discovering the full extent of the vulgar brutality of Hitler's regime. It did not seem "typically" German, as we might think of it today, but fundamentally un-German. It did not fit.

At the risk of misfiring a satyrical event by a little metaphor, the Holocaust was like a society murder. Society murders become notorious because of the contrast between the criminal and the crime. Bitchery in the streets hardly makes the back pages, but the same act committed in a mansion becomes headline news. The crimes of a serial killer would be noted in any event, but if Jack the Ripper turns out to be the Archbishop of Canterbury, it occupies a unique place in the annals of crime. It becomes singular. Thus, I suggest, is what happened in 1945 when the Allies entered Bergen-Belsen and revealed the Germans to the world as mass murderers.

It is the human race that is genocidal, not the Germans. Saying this is not to excuse the Germans, but to note a fact. In one vital sense we are all Jews and we are all Germans, potentially, depending on the conditions in which we find ourselves. Remembering this may reduce the likelihood that we will ever be Jews or Germans again as Jews or Germans were during one night-month period between 1933 and 1945. ■

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— from *Pauline Jones* by the British band
the Mothers

LYNDIA KRAIR is a 46-year-old suburban mom of two by day and a rocker in leopard print by night. Driven by a need to escape the daily grind of suburban life, the self-identified outcast mom and Toronto native has found an outlet in her music, in between driving her daughters to school and the lawn do, buying groceries, cooking dinner and helping take care of her husband's sick mother. "I am not Britney Spears, so do I have any desire to be naming with the next big marketing pack," says Krair. "I have survived birthing two children, becoming a mother, losing a mother, and now I have no intention of growing old gracefully." So Krair, with her black velvet jacket, vintage

guitars, Niagara Dymestine T-shirts, *Phat Mom* bracelets and black fringe boots, rocks out her frustration with songs she's written, like *Suburban Witches* or *White Suburban* and *Milfrock Mom*.

Krair, who divides her time between Toronto and New Jersey, is part of the mom rock movement breaking out across North America and finding a voice in England. Suburban women are finding their hair pink, drinking ribbed stockings and rocking out in groups like *Phantom*, *Housewives on Parade*, *Phat Mom* and *Candy Band*. And they turn to themes they know to pen songs with such titles as *Put a Glove, Pick up Your Socks*, *My Girl*, *Eat Your Damn Spaghetti* and *Fussy Slippers*.

It's a movement Krair and *Frederation* native Alana Rubin Free want to bring to Canada next year through *MamaPunk*, a festival for moms who are musicians, actors and writers. Launched in New York City in

2002, *MamaPunk* has expanded to eight cities, including Chicago and Detroit, and draws thousands to some of its spring and summer events. "Just because you are a mom doesn't mean you have to give up everything," says Free, leader of *MamaPunk*'s magazine *MomMag*. Even for those who never plan to perform in public, rocking out can be a liberating form of expression. "Some people stay in it as *Frederation* to make a song that nobody has or to write lyrics no one reads," says Free, "but for the person, it can be the very thing that allows and saves them."

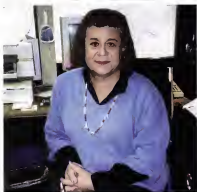
Jay Rowe, the 46-year-old singer for *Housewives on Parade* and founder of *MamaPunk*, agrees it's not only rock's potential for fun, success and critical acclaim that draws these women, Rowe says, but also its power as an antidote to the discrimination women feel when they become moms. "When we sang on the stage, sang out the kids, suddenly we don't know who we are."

For Krair, this is what happened when she left New York City for the South and gave birth. "I realized how we got stuck in the middle of the ground of making and raising children and how weary and dull life can get," she says. "I didn't want to be stuck anymore." She escaped through music, using everyday life to inspire her. Whether her daughter refused to eat dinner, she wrote *I've been standing in the kitchen since I a quilter as soon I eat your damn spaghetti or leave the room*. The song was featured on the *Housewives*' national album, *I Brake My Area Christmas Shopping at the Mall*.

Krair feels being a mom makes her allowed her to realize part of her old self, if only in a small way. "We all have a dreamer in us put on the back burner when we get caught up with the responsibility of life, motherhood and general adult issues," she says. So music keeps busy juggling the creative life and the responsibilities of motherhood, Krair says it's important to remember that "life doesn't end at 26, you can be expressing yourself and rocking at 20, 30, 40 and 50."

As for Krair, she confidently predicts the mom rock movement will take off in Canada. "We are here and we are waiting for our moment," she says. "You will see a long line of mom bands who have been held up in basements, garages and the room above the laundry coming out." ■

Using a band has allowed Krair to realize some of her pre-pregnant self.



WHY BE JUST ONE SEX?

For the transgendered to be fully themselves, they need freedom to move between male and female

THE FIRST THING THAT strikes you about Sally is her eyes. Bright blue, they're the kind that inspire songs. The next thing you notice is how she moves. Sally is poised the way dancers are, the result of taking movement classes with a runway model. She is sportswear-free from the knees around her, including the waistline who helps her into her chair. By the time you notice her muscular build and she tells you she was born in a male body and two years ago she was a woman, it's too late. You already think of this 45-year-old as a woman.

Sally (not her real name) is one of a growing group of people who identify not as

male or female, but as transgendered. It's an umbrella term that describes people who are born of one biological sex but find they belong to the other, or both, and don't necessarily want sex reassignment surgery. "There's definitely a social movement of transgendered people trying to break down the binary system and embracing themselves in whatever way they want," says Lukan Wildher, a counselor at the Vancouver-based Inseparable Health Program and a female-to-male transsexual. "There's more fluidity with bodies and gender and freedom of expression."

"They even have new terms, 'gender-

queer' or 'gender fluid,'" says Rupert Rix, a counselor at the Toronto-based Sherbourne Health Centre, and himself a transsexual who was born female. "They mean an openness to not being bound to either sexual orientation or gender identity. Sometimes they want hormones and sometimes they don't want surgery and some are transsexuals. Sometimes they don't want either."

Most people are familiar with transsexuals, who have had sex-change operations, such as much-publicized individuals Christine Jorgensen (the ex-GI turned blond bombshell performer in the 1950s), Tula (actress Caroline Cassady), a blond girl in *For Your Eyes Only*, and tennis star Rande Richards. But today and the medical community are just learning about transgendered people. The American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders IV* classifies transgendered and transsexuals as disorders (in much the same way homosexuality was considered a mental illness before it was de-listed in 1973), and estimates that roughly 1 per 300,000 adult males and 1 per 100,000 adult females seek sex-reassignment surgery. But many health care professionals believe a substantial number of cases are not reported, because of a lingering social stigma and the fact that many transgendered people don't seek surgery.

GROWING UP as Abby, Sally had no words to describe what she felt. "Happy" as well as "sad," and how he was different. He was always more comfortable with his mother than his aggressive father, and he enjoyed trying on his mother's clothes. His dad "went me to play hockey and be a man's man," Sally recalls, "and I just couldn't be that for him." During puberty, Harry found out about about himself or transsexual. This, he thought, must be him. After all, he didn't want a sex-change operation, so he wasn't a transsexual. Besides, he was attracted to women. He married and went on to run his own business. Proudly, with his wife's support, he indulged in cross-dressing. Then one summer, while they were vacationing in California, a girlfriend in a bikini pose gave him an entire makeover—hair, clothes and makeup. Harry walked out of the store as

Michael Gilbert, a "committed cross-dresser" periodically teaches his university philosophy classes as Miss Alice Gilbert.

Sally, knowing there was something more to his feelings than just having fun wearing his wife's panties.

Many people like Sally consider themselves gender outliers, playing outside the standard definitions of man and woman. But current thinking on gender is centering around the concept that sex, like sexual preference, isn't an either/or proposition but rather a continuum. Transgender studies have become a hot new area of scholarship as more transgendered academics come out and publish. Philosophy professor Michael Gilbert of Toronto's York University is a "committed cross-dresser" who started teaching periodically as Miss Alice Gilbert in 1996, after he received tummy "When we've been, the doctor takes a peek between our legs and says, 'Oh, it's a boy or girl,' and that's the end of it," Gilbert notes. "But there are a huge number of people who are not comfortable with that. Not all we cross-dressers are transsexuals. Some are playboys who want having to play a feminine role. Some are 'misses' who didn't want to play sports but were forced to. I think of gender as analogous to eyeight—there are many different prescriptions."

Scientists are learning that their research is to sexual differentiation than just what's between our legs. First comes chromosomal differentiation—XX for men, XX for women. Then we develop other organs or tissues. Next comes the difference in genital and, finally, the differentiation of the brain into male and female. In 1999, scientists at the Netherlands Institute for Brain Research and Amsterdam's Free University Hospital found there's one brain structure essential to social behavior that develops between the ages of 2 and 4, as a result of interaction between the developing brain and sex hormones. When they examined that area of the brain in male-to-female transsexuals, they found it matched those of females more than males.

Nature furnishes multiple examples of gender variation. Stanford University biologist Joan Roughgarden, herself a transsexual, shows in her book *Evolution's Rainbow: Diversity, Gender and Sexuality in Nature and the Animal World*, the most common body form is both male and female, but is sexually dimorphic or at different ages of life. Roughgarden challenges the prevailing notion that

diversity in biology is a deviation from an ideal "norm." Instead, she suggests diversity is the norm. She cites data indicating the prevalence of male-to-female transsexuals in the U.S. is close to one in 100.

And ambiguous gender identity among humans isn't just a modern Western phenomenon. Various societies have traditions of transgendered people. In Polynesia, the transgendered are often called *haka* (half-man, half woman), and are identified before the onset of puberty. Among North



Since transgendered people, like Cassady, walk over through surgery and hormones

American First Nations, transgendered people—known as "two-spirited"—have been held in high esteem, serving as religious leaders or warriors.

OF MYNABO heritage, Alice Butler, born Audrey, identifies as two-spirited. It's a play on words, Eleanor and "man" policy adviser at the 519 Church Street Community Centre in Toronto. At 46, without having had surgery or hormone treatment, he looks like a middle-aged, grey-headed male. "It's not that I felt that I was a girl," he says, "it's just that I was always a girl. I was always getting mistaken for a girl, even when I was little." When puberty hit and Audrey started grow-

ing facial hair, her alarmed parents took her to see a dwarf doctor, all of whom were paid. Eventually, she moved to Toronto from Cape Breton Island and started to grow a beard. She was open and called names because she had been the dad's hand. At 46, Audrey took the final step, changed her name to Alice and assumed a male identity.

Sexual diversity is not uncommon. "There people are one of the only groups left that people feel they have the right to insist to their friends," says Wildher in Vancouver. "I have clients come in regularly who've had coffee thrown on them." The discrimination extends to the medical community, where many believe either cross-gender behavior can be corrected, or that the transgendered should be encouraged to get a full sex change operation.

Vancouver MP Bill Siksay sees a need for heterosexual protection for people caught up in gender issues. The NDPor has introduced a private member's bill, given first reading in May, that would amend the Human Rights Act to include gender identity and gender expression as prohibited grounds of discrimination. "In terms of formal or legislative equality, there's rights are the most frontier," says Cassa Marshall-McCulloch, executive director of Eagle Canada, a gay, lesbian, and trans advocacy group in Ottawa. "There people are where the gay and lesbian rights movement was a couple decades ago."

Unemployment, homelessness, isolated tendencies and self-harm—all are social health care workers can see consequences among trans people. Even the simplest places, like going to the gym or swimming pool, are out for transsexuals. At the 519 Church Street Community Centre in Toronto, Alice Butler says he loves surgery. "I don't have a penis," says Alice, "but I have a penis in my head. I don't think genital mutilation." For Sally, who runs her business as a man, surgery could mean losing her livelihood.

But she doesn't want to give up her life risk problems. Once, she met a man in the cafeteria of a department store where a friend worked. Afterwards, the man told her friend that he had fallen in love with the most beautiful girl it was her eyes that haunted him. The only thing he, he said, he had to know if she wanted children, because having a family was so important to him. "I said to my girlfriend, 'Don't you dare tell him,'" says Sally. "I couldn't break his heart."

"I THINK of gender as analogous to eyeight—there are many different prescriptions"



A MIRACLE OF GEOGRAPHY

As we mourn, it's easy to forget how New Orleans was a city like no other

A TYPICAL NEW ORLEANS funeral parade is divided into two parts. On the way to the burial site, the music reflects the sadness of the occasion. Very often the band plays the old hymn *File in a Line*. But as soon as the body has been buried, the mood of the music brightens dramatically. The mourners become a "Second Line" of revelers, dancing on the beat plays *choups* after *choups* of *Dixie's* *Mr. Tambore*—a race whose lyrics suggest the departed was not always immune to the temptations of revelry.

and even legally questionable behavior.

Taken as a whole, the economy cannot be faulted in this regard. The dead are mourned. Their lives and the lives of their survivors are celebrated. The only important question is the face of tragedy is not only expected, it is built into the municipal ritual.

And, as Geoffrey C. Ward and Ken Burns wrote in their companion book to Burns's documentary series *Jazz*, the funeral parade was observed by nearly every visitor to New Orleans "in part because there were so many of them."

New Orleans has always been intimately familiar with death and the endless human indignities. For centuries, this Crescent City, sitting along a shore of land and surrounded by water, was for many of its residents a death trap of endemic disease and variable water. Yellow fever killed 41,000 people between 1817 and 1905. Cholera and malaria took many more. Fire, rats, and the fatal dismemberment of married husbands and wives conspired to cover the city in filth and war. As late as 1860, Ward and Burns estimate, the average life expectancy of a black citizen was only 36 years.

Through it all, every resident and most alert visitors knew that a city built in a bowl on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico might learn, near the end of another day and pleasant-dimmed summer, that its number had come up in a particularly spectacular fashion. The danger from hurricanes couldn't have been less of a secret. Here's



my *Levity* Plunket guidebook from 2009, with a little box on page 23 warning that even an "average" night-evening is "unpleasant" and that if hurricane Andrew had zigged instead of zagging in 1992, "catastrophic disaster would have ensued." Every tour guide I ever met in New Orleans had a variation of the same message built into his patter. Last week's events were anything but unexpected.

So I understand what one of my readers meant when she sent me an e-mail about last week's asking, "Can we not help but comment on the element of human folly involved in the creation of the city where it was in the first place?"

Hansen *folly* is a good name for it. Still, all I can think of I watch the horrible images from a city I've grown to love is that New Orleans' perilous location has also been the source of so many of its blessings.

It's a port. One of the oldest on the Gulf Coast, founded in 1718 by a son of Quebec.

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Italian, at least, by the French, the Spanish, the Americans and no one in particular. Inhabited by just about anyone who could get into port or be carried in the bellies of transients: Serb, Greek, Filipino, Chinese, Italian, German, Irish, Choctaw Indians. French speakers from France, Canada, Haiti, Santo Domingo. Slaves and freemen of color: "An informal money crew," one 19th-century observer called the city's residents.

It's pointless to pretend the members of all those cliques and castes ever had an effortless coexistence. But they managed. They built a city like no other and devised elaborate rituals that evolved into customs and dance steps and musical idioms and traditions of grace and elegance that have enriched the world.

I know it's hard to remember that said the sponsor we've all seen on TV. Probably it doesn't even seem like it matters. But the funeral parade made me see that you can't stop celebrating what's been built even as you mourn your loss.

I've loved just all my life. But I stayed away from New Orleans until 1999 because I thought it'd be a badly conceived tourist trap. Of course in many ways it's that and more, but in the ways that matter it couldn't have been more wrong. The past speaks to you every minute in New Orleans, in tones that are not always sweet but often urgent. Constant reminders of slavery, race not, colonial conquest, pestilence and flood. But also the distinctive sense of neighborhood as different as Mid-City, Marigny and the Vieux Carré. Reminders of acts of generosity, blood-curdling acts of extermination.

Early in the last century, a miracle of geography put a big market, Louis Armstrong, onto the Mississippi riverboats with his horn. He changed the world. It's easy to forget. But if all you do is mourn, you dishonor the spirit of New Orleans. □

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